

UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN  
(Wednesday, September 15, 1915)

NOW THE WORK BEGINS.

Tonight are ended the official three days of registration and enrollment for the students of the University of Missouri. Tomorrow begins the work of the first semester of the regular session of 1915-16.

Right now is a good time to pause a moment and pick up the scattered threads of the student activities and find out just what there is to be done. First comes the matter of study. With the gratifying increase in enrollment shown in the first day or two of signing up, there comes the threat of harder work for the faculty, less care and attention for the individual student—and perhaps a greater freedom of action. The one hope for an avoidance of such a seeming calamity lies with the student himself. He must guard himself, look out more for his own interests and seek in every way to make easier the work of those who must instruct him, to the end that the instruction may be the more efficient.

Next to study, right now, comes football. Schulte tells the students that the Tigers will be light this year, entering the first game with an average of 165 pounds. This looks bad.

But just the same, a lack of weight is not the greatest handicap a team can have. The greatest trouble that the Tigers can meet with is lack of support from the students. With the students behind them, the players, no matter how light, can go out and whip the stuffings out of their opponents, as was shown last year in the wonderful all-season improvement which culminated in the defeat of Kansas at Lawrence by a light team—backed by a thousand rooters. Again it is squarely "up to" the individual.

Success in all the University's lines of endeavor lies in the hands of the ordinary individual student. He can make and break the University.

Tomorrow he begins his work. May he begin it well!

TELLS HOW CAMPAIGN WORKS

Prof. L. M. Defoe Reports to Commercial Club on McKeand Plan.

Prof. L. M. Defoe, president of the Commercial Club and Fred Price made a report of the work of the McKeand Service Company's work in the membership campaign put on by the Sedalia Commercial Club at a meeting of the directors in the club's rooms Monday. No definite action was taken on getting the McKeand company for a campaign here. A meeting will be held in a few days to decide the matter.

Dr. Defoe saw the work of the fourth day of the active campaign in Sedalia. There were 272 new members enrolled there that day. An educational campaign precedes the active campaign two weeks, under the McKeand plan. Then there are four days' canvassing done, working two hours each of the first three days and four hours the fourth day.

Odon Guitar was with Mr. Price and Professor Defoe at Sedalia. S. F. Conley and W. B. Nowell, Jr., started on the trip but missed the train at Rocheport.

THE CALENDAR

- September 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Y. M. C. A. open house for new students and former students, 7 p. m.
September 13, 14 and 15.—University entrance examinations and registration.
September 15.—University High and Elementary schools open. Columbia High School opens.
September 14.—Stephens College opens.
September 15.—Christian College opens.
September 16.—Opening convocation of the University in the University Auditorium. Classes begin for first semester.
September 18.—Annual Y. M. C. A. reception to men.
September 20.—Men's mass meeting in University Auditorium, 7 p. m.

UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN

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The New "Call of the Wild"
KAZAN

By James Oliver Curwood

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(Continued from last issue)

CHAPTER XXVII
The Call of Sun Rock

In the golden glow of the autumn sun there came up the stream overlooked by the Sun Rock one day a man, a woman and a child in a canoe. Civilization had done for lovely Joan what it had done for many another wild flower transplanted from the depths of the wilderness. Her cheeks were thin. Her blue eyes had lost their luster. She coughed, and when she coughed the man looked at her with love and fear in his eyes. But now, slowly, the man had begun to see the transformation, and on the day their canoe pointed up the stream and into the wonderful valley that had been their home before the call of the distant city came to them, he noted the flush gathering once more in her cheeks, the fuller redness of lips, and the gathering glow of happiness and content in her eyes. He laughed softly as he saw these things, and he blessed the forests. In the canoe she had leaned back, with her head almost against his shoulder, and he stopped paddling to draw her to him, and run his fingers through the soft golden masses of her hair.

"You are happy again, Joan," he laughed joyously. "The doctors were right. You are a part of the forests."
"Yes, I am happy," she whispered, and suddenly there came a little thrill into her voice, and she pointed to a white finger of sand running out into the stream. "Do you remember—years and years ago, it seems—that Kazan left us here? She was on the sand over there, calling to him. Do you remember?" There was a little tremble about her mouth, and she added, "I wonder—where they—have gone."

The cabin was as they had left it. Only the crimson bakneesh had grown up about it, and shrubs and tall grass had sprung up near its walls. Once more it took on life, and day by day the color came deeper into Joan's cheeks, and her voice was filled with its old wild sweetness of song. Joan's husband cleared the trails over his old trap-lines, and Joan and the little Joan, who romped and talked now, transformed the cabin into home. One night the man returned to the cabin late, and when he came in there was a glow of excitement in Joan's blue eyes, and a tremble in her voice when she greeted him.

"Did you hear it?" she asked. "Did you hear—the call?"
He nodded, stroking her soft hair. "I was a mile back in the creek swamp," he said. "I heard it!"
Joan's hands clutched his arms. "It wasn't Kazan," she said. "I would recognize his voice. But it seemed to me it was like the other—the call that came that morning from the sand-bar, his mate?"

The man was thinking. Joan's fingers tightened. She was breathing a little quickly.

"Will you promise me this?" she asked. "Will you promise me that you will never hunt or trap for wolves?"
"I had thought of that," he replied. "I thought of it—after I heard the call. Yes, I will promise."

Joan's arms stole up about his neck. "We loved Kazan," she whispered. "And you might kill him—or her."
Suddenly she stopped. Both listened. The door was a little ajar, and to them there came again the wailing mate-call of the wolf. Joan ran to the door. Her husband followed. Together they stood silent, and with tense breath Joan pointed over the starlit plain.

"Listen! Listen!" she commanded. "It's her cry, and it came from the Sun Rock!"

She ran out into the night, forgetting that the man was close behind her now, forgetting that little Joan was alone in her bed. And to them, from miles and miles across the plain, there came a wailing cry in answer—a cry that seemed a part of the wind, and that thrilled Joan until her breath broke in a strange sob.

Farther out on the plain she went and then stopped, with the golden glow of the autumn moon and the stars shimmering in her hair and eyes. It was many minutes before the cry came again, and then it was so near that Joan put her hands to her mouth, and her cry rang out over the plain as in the days of old.

"Kazan! Kazan! Kazan!"
At the top of the Sun Rock, Gray Wolf—gaunt and thinned by starvation—heard the woman's cry, and the call that was in her throat died away in a whine. And to the north a swiftly moving shadow stopped for a moment, and stood like a thing of rock under the starlight. It was Kazan. A strange fire leaped through his body. Every fiber of his brute understanding was afire with the knowledge that here was home. It was here, long ago, that he had lived, and loved, and fought—and all at once the dreams that had

grown faded and indistinct in his memory came back to him as real living things. For, coming to him faintly over the plain, he heard Joan's voice!

In the starlight Joan stood, tense and white, when from out of the pale mists of the moon-glow he came to her, cringing on his belly, panting and wind-run, and with a strange whining note in his throat. And as Joan went to him, her arms reaching out, her lips sobbing his name over and over again, the man stood and looked down upon them with the wonder of a new greater understanding in his face. He had no fear of the wolf-dog now. And as Joan's arms hugged Kazan's great shaggy head up to her he heard the whining gasping joy of the beast and the sobbing whispering voice of the girl and with tensely gripped hands he faced the Sun Rock.

"My Gawd," he breathed. "I believe—it's so—"

As if in response to the thought in his mind, there came once more across the plain Gray Wolf's mate-seeking cry of grief and of loneliness. Swiftly as though struck by a lash Kazan was on his feet—oblivious of Joan's touch, of her voice, of the presence of the man. In another instant he was gone, and Joan flung herself against her husband's breast, and almost fiercely took his face between her two hands.

"Now do you believe?" she cried pantingly. "Now do you believe in the God of my world—the God I have lived with, the God that gives souls to the wild things, the God that—that has brought—us all—together—once more—home!"

His arms closed gently about her. "I believe, my Joan," he whispered. "And you understand—now—what it means. 'Thou shalt not kill!'"

"Except that it brings us life—yes, I understand," he replied.

Her warm soft hands stroked his face. Her blue eyes, filled with the glory of the stars, looked up into his.

"Kazan and she—you and I—and the baby! Are you sorry—that we came back?" she asked.

So close he drew her against his breast that she did not hear the words he whispered in the soft warmth of her hair. And after that, for many hours, they sat in the starlight in front of the cabin door. But they did not hear again that lonely cry from the Sun Rock. Joan and her husband understood.

"He'll visit us again tomorrow," the man said at last. "Come, Joan, let us go to bed."
Together they entered the cabin. And that night, side by side, Kazan and Gray Wolf hunted again in the moonlit plain.

THE END

M. U. ENGINEERS SUCCESSFUL

Graduates of School of Engineering of University of Missouri Get Jobs.

Graduates of the School of Engineering of the University of Missouri are following their profession in numerous countries throughout the world.

A recent query sent out to the alumni of the school brought 286 answers. One hundred and fifty-eight graduates are practicing civil engineering, 27 are doing mechanical engineering work, 92 are electrical engineers, and 9 are chemical engineers.

Four are owners or presidents of companies; 8 are with telephone companies, as engineers; 4 are engaged in mining work, 44 are with heat, light and power stations; 15 are with steam and electric railways; 66 are contractors, bridge, canal and drainage engineers; 19 are engaged in municipal work. Twelve are teaching in Colleges and high schools.

Here are some of the professions which others are following: photographer, 1; agricultural pursuits, 6; banking, 2; law, 1; medicine, 1; dictation writing, 1; army engineer, 1; advertising, 1; state public service commission, 2; auditors and accountants, 3.

Instruction in engineering at the University of Missouri began in 1877, and since then several hundred have been graduated in civil, electrical, mechanical and chemical engineering.

WOMEN TO GIVE DUTCH SUPPER

Y. W. C. A. and Alpha Phi Sigma Are Aiding New Co-Eds.

The Y. W. C. A. and the Alpha Phi Sigma, the senior sorority, are helping new women students to get entered up properly. Many have applied for work from the Y. W. C. A. bureau. Some wish work steadily, some for part time and others only occasionally.

There will be a Dutch supper for new women in Rothwell Gymnasium at 8 o'clock Saturday evening.

Phone 55 to have the Missourian delivered to you. 25c a month.

CONSCRIPTION IS OPPOSED

British Parliament Meets for Consideration of Important Issues.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—Parliament met today with conscription, taxation, and the munition questions looming as the main objects of debate. The cabinet is understood to be against conscription and it is not expected the issue will be brought up unless its opponents force its consideration.

Entries Number 100 in Pig Futurity.

More than 100 pigs are entered in the Missouri State Fair futurity show this year, according to George E. Thomson, treasurer of the Missouri Duroc Jersey Swine Breeders' Assn. Mr. Thomson says the association will put on the greatest show this year that it has ever held, and he believes it will outdo any show that has ever been held by Duroc breeders' associations of other states.

So Convenient

So Refreshing

When you're tired and hot it is wonderfully refreshing to stroll across the street between classes and get a nice, cool, invigorating drink.

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Linwood Taft, B. S. State teachers' certificates to graduates.

School of Business

Rose Rosenthal. Courses with college credit and leading to certificate.

School of Oratory and Dramatic Art

Harriet Jean Trappe, director. Helen Groves, assistant. Courses affiliated with Emerson College, Boston.

School of Art

Mary Gordon Rollo (Oberlin College and Art Institute, Chicago) director. Courses in Drawing from Cast and Life Model, Original Design, Water Color, Oils, Ceramics, Arts and Crafts. Certificate and diploma courses. See exhibit Wheeler's window.

School of Home Economics

Gail Richle, B. S., Director. Courses with college credit and leading to certificate.

Conservatory of Music

Cady Kenney, director. Piano. Organ, Theory. Marguerite L. Wickes, Piano; Mary L. Barks, Piano; Cena Lack Bryan, Piano; Mabelle Tenant, Voice; Margaret Roberts Green, Voice; Wilma Soverhill, Violin; Theory. Classes in History and Appreciation of Music, Public School Music, Chorus, Sight Reading, Orchestral, Instruments, College Orchestra. Lessons for university students or residents of Columbia may be arranged at the Down Town Studio (Room 16, Elvira Bldg.)

10c ANNEX THEATRE 10c
High Class Moving Picture Show
5 and 6 Reel Feature Every Night.
PROGRAM FOR THE WEEK
Tonight, Sept. 15 'Born Warrior'
THURSDAY, SEPT. 16. "Broken Coin"
FRIDAY, SEPT. 17. "Fight for Fortune"
SATURDAY, SEPT. 18. Same program as Friday.
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For catalog, address Secretary of College. For appointment with the President or Dean call phone 44-Red. For appointment with Director of Music, Art, Oratory, or for business arrangements call phone 44-Green. Office hours for registration, September 3-17, 9-12 a. m., 2-5 p. m.